# BLACK JOAN

By

S. BARING-GOULD.

At some little distance off the bold and precipitous coast at Looe, in Cornwall, lies the island of St. Nicolas, or Looe. It is nearly circular, and for the most part rises abruptly from the waves. A very dangerous and troublesome reef runs to it from the mainland, covered by the waves which lash themselves into foam over it. The sea cliffs of the mainland rise high above the water, but there are in them rents, down which streams brawl into little coves. The river that enters the seat at Looe divides the town into two parts, each of which in the old days of rotten boroughs returned two members to Parliament.

The whole of this coast offered great advantages to smugglers, and at the beginning of last century the two Looes were notorious nests of those daring seamen who carried on a contraband trade with France, and the difficulties presented by the coast made it most arduous and discouraging work for the preventive officers to check this "free trading."

So unsuccessful had they been that at length it dawned on the minds of those in authority that it was as well to plant a station on Looe island, as they felt convinced that the two denizens of the islet were in constant communication with the smugglers and gave them notice whenever there was danger of their running their goods. They also shrewdly suspected that on Looe island these goods were stored to be shipped ashore at suitable moments. Yet, however minute the search made on the island, no place could be found where the kegs of brandy and bales of silk were secreted. The gravest suspicions attached to the denizens of the isle, old Finn and his daughter, Black Joan, but nothing could be brought home to them to justify their arrest. The coast guard station erected on Looe island was planted there as much for the sake of watching the movements of the Finns, as of observing the coast.

The story of Finn was peculiar. For some crime or other he had been outlawed and had taken refuge on a rock in Plymouth sound, where he spent some twenty-five years not in absolute solitude, for in some unaccountable manner he induced a woman to come out to his rock and become his wife. As a result of this wild union a single child arrived, whom the couple called Joan.

At length the woman died, and then Finn abandoned his rock and came ashore, where he was not molested. But life on the mainland was intolerable to him, constant association with his fellow-men unendurable, and he fled to Looe island with his daughter, there to end his days.

He was now an old man, and Joan was a buxom, brown-faced, sturdy young woman of three and twenty, with very black hair and eyebrows and dark eyes. It was not often that she appeared in the streets of Looe, and then only to furnish herself with necessaries. She seemed to be flush of money. But—asked the preventive men—whence came it? She and her father could earn it in one way only, by making themselves serviceable to the daring men who defied the law.

When the station was erected on the island and two coast guards were placed in it Finn and his daughter looked each other in the face, and each face bore the aspect of dismay.

"Never mind, Joan," said the old man, "we'll be even wi' 'em. Providence hev' given us brains by the ounce, and to them by the scruple. Don't go for to look sour at 'em. Put on your sweetest, and we'll do 'em yet."

"I'll do my best, vayther, but it's a sore trial."

"Man is born to trouble," replied the old man, sententiously, "as the waves is to fret, and the clouds to drop water. Whatever you do don't let' em get a mite of an inklin' as to where the cellars be."

"Trust me, vayther."

Now, it happened that these cellars were full, and it was necessary to have them cleared, but how to do so with those coastguardsmen on the alert was the puzzle.

Looe island is a mass of old red sandstone, with gravel on top, due to the decomposition of the rock. What had been done was to dig down under Joan's bed and tunnel in the friable shale and gravel, and even in the rock, and to form chambers in which a good deal of contraband stuff could be stowed away. But, owing to the activity and sharpness of the officers, for some time the smugglers had been unable to clear out the cellars that they might be free to receive a fresh supply.

"Of them two as is sot here a-spyin' on us," pursued Old Finn, "to my thinkin' Joel French is the wust. He's gloomy and cross-grained, and I can't make no headway with he; Joe Symmonds is a better sort of chap—but he's sharp too."

"I've cotched he a-rollin' of his eye mywards," observed Joan. "He's a tidy chap, and would be friendly but for his dooty."

"Work that there eye, lovie," said the old man. "Summut may be done wi' it, if you keep a-workin' of it."

One evening John rushed in on the father.

"Vayther!" said she, breathlessly. "Joe! French hev' gone ashore."

"No—never! Then, now's our time; but how be we to manage wi' the tother?"

"Leave him to me," said Joan.

"They're on the look-out ashore, I suppose?"

"They be. They've signaled."

"Then signal back to be ready smart, and you, Joan, manage Joe Symmonds."

A quarter of an hour later, Joan ran to the coastguard's station in a state of the utmost excitement, her black hair flying in the wind.

"Oh, Mister Symmonds—Mister Symmonds!" she gasped. "Whatever will vayther and me do? There is our boat broke lose, and the tide is running out and she'll be lost."

"It's a bad job," replied Joe. "But there's no help."

"There is help. You must help."

"How can I? Joel has taken the boat—I mean our boat."

"Then we're done entirely!" exclaimed Joan, and, throwing herself down on her knees, she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and then, stretching them imploringly to the preventive man, said:

"Oh, no! Mister Symmonds, you'll never let us be beggared and lost thus? Vayther says he'll leave the island altogether and take me away and live at Looe Town West—and I can't bear to think of going away. Do, now, help us!"

"There's only the big boat," mused Joe. "But I can't manage her alone."

"I'll row with you," urged Joan. "You will save our poor little cockleshell, won't you now?"

"Very well, if you'll take the second oar."

So it was agreed. Joan ran back to her father and told him that she was going to take Symmonds away, and that he must get all the kegs off before she returned. "You just make a token with your pocky-hanker as all is right," she said, "and then we will be back."

So the unsuspicious preventive man was lured away from his post. He could see the boat adrift, and he thought that his arms and those of Joan, which were as lusty and muscular as his own, would soon enable them to overtake the drifting vessel.

And, indeed, before very long they did succeed in getting hold of her, and making her fast; but to return was slow business. The tide ran extraordinarily strong; and Joan's arms began to fail her.

"Look alive, mate!" shouted Symmonds. "You ain't pulling strong. We're turning her head about."

"Wot's that you sez?" asked Joan; and as she turned to make the inquiry the oar slipped from her hands and was next moment dancing on the waves.

"Hang it!" shouted Joe. "I didn't think you'd ha' done that."

"I be all of a tremble," replied Joan. "Vayther, he have had the lumbago so bad I had to lay him on the kitchen table and rub and rub into his back wi' a bit o' flannel and embrocation that I've nigh broke my own back, and my arms be that tired and weak—"

"Well, never mind about the lumbago now. We must recover the oar."

"And if we don't?"

"Why, we shall not get back, but be carried out to sea, and night is coming on. Lend a hand, wench, to the oar. There, lay hold!"

"Lawk, Mister Symmons! Me and you in a boat together right out to sea and night comin' on. I'd shame to come back to vayther. What would he think?"

"Hang his thinking! There, you might have laid hold of the oar then. Why didn't you?"

"I was that shamed at the bare thought I couldn't do it."

"Well, do it now."

And the girl eventually recovered the oar. But time had been wasted, and way had been lost. For the first time in her life she rowed badly.

"Joan," shouted Symmonds, "whatever is up? You're rowin' like the veriest landlubber!"

"It's that rubbin' vayther's back for the lumbago has made me so, and the hartshorn in the embrocation have got up into my head and made me like one drunk. I'm very sorry, Mister Symmonds. Do you ever have the lumbago?"

"At times."

"Well, you get Joel French to spread you face downward on the kitchen table and go into your back for half-an-hour with flannel and hartshorn and oil."

"Pull harder. We are losing way fast."

For a while she pulled better.

"But I reckon," said the girl, "French is that grumpy, you might ax him, but he'd never take the trouble."

"Ah!" said Symmonds. "If I only had you to rub my back I'd think I was in heaven. What's that—ashore? Is your father signaling?"

"He's a wipin' of his blessed nose wi' his pockerhanker. Pull away; I'm game now."

And, indeed, now she handled the oar in very different fashion, and the little creek was soon reached near where the Finns' cottage stood.

That evening Joel French returned, very irate.

"You're a fool, Joe!" he said. "Do you know what has been done whilst you've been here watching? They've cleared out everything, run a whole cargo ashore and distributed it."

"Dash my buttons!" exclaimed Symmonds. "It was Black Joan had me. But I'll be even with her yet."

Next time that the girl encountered Joe on the cliffs there was a sparkle in her eye. But he made no sign. "He is a greenhorn," thought Joan. "He don't know how I drawed him off o' purpose whilst our chaps were clearing out the cellar. It's a pleasure to have to do wi' such a softie. I reckon French would be harder to tackle."

During the ensuing fortnight it struck Joan that Joe's duty took him across her pretty frequently, and that his duty or pleasure brought him to exchange civil words with her. He had evidently an eye on her, but whether he was watching her movements or fascinated by her person she could not say. Acting on her father's instructions she continued to be civil to him and to work her eye, but she despised him for the ease with which he had allowed himself to be hoodwinked.

Toward the end of the fortnight her father called her to him and said: "Joan, gall, there be the Skylark in the offing, come over with cognac from Boscoff. She's shy of coming in, and if we can't manage it she'll run her cargo at Polperro. There is Joel French got his glass on her, and he knows as well as we what's up and she's after. You go smellin' about the station and see what's goin' on there. There's Symmonds—"

"I don't think naught o' him. I'll turn his face to the wall and he shall see nothing."

"Well, look alive, and tell me what you make out."

"I'll do my best, vayther."

"Set your mind to it! Set your mind to it! There's a lot depends on our getting the goods safe in."

During the afternoon Joan met Joe Symmonds, and as he made as though inclined for a talk, she afforded him a smile of encouragement.

"I be a bit lonely to-day," said he, "and, my word, it's a dull life here on this island and none to talk to."

"You've got Joel French."

"Oh, Joel be blowed!" replied Symmonds. "He's that crusty and moody, there's hardly any getting a word out o' him. He's poor company at the best o' times, and just now he's not here."

"Not here?" echoed Joan. "Where be he to, then?"

"Well, there's been affliction in his family. He's lost his wife's mother."

"Didn't know he had a wife."

"He has, and that's what puts him in the sulks, being here and away from her; and she's a bit flighty, and he don't know what she's up to when he's shut up in the isle. And now his wife's mother's gone."

"Mostwise," retorted Joan, "it be thought a betterment to be rid o' a mother-in-law."

"Not in Joel's case, for she looked after his wife and kept her in some decent order when he weren't there."

"Ah!" said Joan. "No wonder he ain't happy here. So he's gone to the burying?"

"Yes, he be."

Then, after a pause: "You seem to be in affliction, too, Mister Symmonds, wi' that black band about your arm?"

"I be. I've lost my sister."

"You don't mean to say so. There seems to ha' been an epuldemic among the women of the preventive service."

"Yes, and the lieutenant has lost his wife, and he's off to the funeral to-day. It's coorious, ain't it?"

"Tremendous," acquiesced Joan.

"So we be all sixes and sevens. Me cryin' over my sister, and the lieutenant howlin' over his wife, and Joel in the grumps about his wife's mother. But it's a first-rate thing as it haps just now when all is slack and there's no mischief afloat. Gracious! if the freetraders was to know it—my word!"

"What a muff this fellow is!" thought Joan. "Tellin' me, of all people, that this is so." However, she kept her opinion to herself and said:

"I suppose you was very fond of your sister?"

"Loved her like blazes," replied Symmonds.

"Was she older than you?"

"No, just about your age—and size; and if you was to chance to be out this evening, I'd shew you a thing or two."

"What would you shew me?"

"I've all my sister's things I brought away, and whatever to do with them I don't know."

"What sort o' things?"

Her clothes. There's a pair of sky-blue stockings as is new and never put on; and there's ribbons, and there's a hat wi' feathers, real hostrich, but one of them feathers be broke."

"You might mend it wi' a bit of fine wire, I reckon."

"Can't say. I should like you to see them."

"Blue stockings?"

"Sky-blue."

"My word!"

"You'd say so if you seed 'em, and never put on her poor dear blessed legs." And Symmonds pulled out his red cotton handkerchief and wept.

"Well, 'tis a pity, never worn. If her'd had the chance of wearin' of them just once her'd have died more easy. Now I must off and peel my pertaties."

Then Joan hastened home and told her father that the coast was clear. Death had been among the womankind, and the preventive men were steeped in tears and liquor, engrossed in their domestic afflictions and not likely to be troublesome.

"If the lieutenant's wife be dead," observed old Finn, "as a mark of respect the men of the service will attend the funeral."

"That's certain," added Joan, "and get fuddled as well."

"I'll signal," said old Finn. "At nightfall we'll have the Skylark in."

As Joan peeled the potatoes her mind worked. She was thinking of the garments of Joe Symmonds's sister that he had brought away to the island—sky-blue stockings and a hat with feathers. She looked at the investure of her lower limbs, old, darned, dingy, black stockings, thoroughly rusty with age and falling into holes. She had another pair, but not much better in condition and not superior in color.

"Them legs o' mine," said she, "if they was only sky-blue, wouldn't be a bad pair o' legs at all, and I wouldn't mind liftin' my skirts a bit to show 'em when I went to Looe market. I wonder, now, if Joe will sell 'em. Why not? They can be no use to him. He can't put 'em on; he'd bust 'em all the way up and down. I'll go and have a squint at 'em, and we may have a deal. And the 'at. I'd like to see that, too. If the feather's broke he'll dispose of it cheap."

Night settled in dark, with a drizzling rain at intervals, but lifting and clearing at times.

"It's just the weather for us," said old Finn. "Now attend to me, Joan. You're to take the lantern, put it under your cloak and go all about and look hard and see that the preventive boat be not out. The sea is still, and if you can't always see you can hear, and the dip of an oar you can catch four miles away. Look all round and see that they're not prepared and hidin' somewhere."

"All right, vayther."

"And if you're quite sure that all is safe then raise the lantern up and down; up and down, mind. But if there is danger wave it from side to side. You understand?"

"I reckon I do. I know my business."

"Then be off."

Joan took the lantern and enveloped herself in a very full, thick cloak, and strolled along the edge of the island, keeping a sharp lookout on the sea whenever the rain ceased. The lights of Looe made fiery streaks on the water, and a break in these caused by a boat was not likely to escape her.

All at once she heard in her ear: "Good evening, Joan." She started. She had been so intent on the water that she had paid no attention to the land, and Joe Symmonds had stolen on her unawares. "Now, I do take this kind of you," he continued, "to come out and give me a bit of counsel over them garments and pomps and vanities of my poor dear sister."

"You haven't got them out here?"

"No," replied Joe, "they'd spoil in the rain, and the night is dark. I must trouble you to step into the cabin."

"Is that quite proper? What 'ud folks say?"

"Where's the folks to say aught. That growling hedgehog, Joel, be away burying of his mother-in-law and drinking himself tight."

"Well," said Joan, "I don't mind so long as we leave the door open. I've been turning over them stockings and that there 'at in my mind, and I daresay I might offer you a trifle for 'em. You see, the stockings mightn't fit me, and the feather in the 'at, as you say, be broke and no good at all."

"You shall judge for yourself," said Symmonds.

"But I can't stay long," observed Joan.

"You needn't. I'd rayther you looked at the bag o' tricks now whilst Joel is away. It might be unpleasant were he here. He'd be passin' of insulting remarks."

"That's true," mused Joan. "There's no time like the present time."

"I may say I've had an offer for the lot, but it didn't come up to my figure. Besides," added Symmonds, making his tone soft and insinuating, "I did want that you should have the first pick, seeing as we be neighbours and friendly, and I did notice as your stockings were out of repair and wanted a dash o' paint over 'em."

"Well," said the girl, "I don't mind looking at 'em. Whether we deal or not is another matter. Lone and lorn I be, and vayther don't give me much pocket money. I had to save up a fortnight to afford myself three-penn'orth of stickjaw."

"It's a wonder how you get any money at all," said the preventive man. "You've nothing to sell."

"Well, it is odd. It's Sambo's skull does it. Gentlefolks from Looe come's out here picknickin', and vayther he exhibits the skull and gets sixpence or a shillin' by it."

Joe Symmonds knew the story of Sambo. In the first years that Finn was on the island there was a big negro there as well. They got on fairly well together. But after a while suspicion was raised that he had sold himself to the officers of the crown and would betray secrets. He was found thrown or fallen over the rocks with his neck broken. A coroner and jury sat on him, but nothing could be proved against any one, and he was buried on the island by old Finn, who, however, dug him up again, possessed himself of the skull and made a show of it.

"Here we be," said Joe. "We'll leave the door open for the gulls to look in and see that all is respectable. So you have a lantern with you?"

"Yes," replied Joan. "When the rain comes on it is very dark, and I don't want to fall over the ledge and come to an end like Sambo, and having old vayther making exhibition o' my skull and gettin' sixpences out of it."

"I see," said Symmonds.

The girl placed the lantern on the floor near the door and threw back her cloak.

"I be hot," she said.

"Take it off," advised the preventive man. "The cloak is wet and heavy as lead."

"And the wet might spoil the ribbins," considered Joan. "I'll just dry my fingers as well if you'll lend me a towel."

Joe produced what was asked for and then proceeded to a locker and drew forth a bundle.

"You've a lot o' things there," remarked the girl.

"And gay, too," added the man; "you'll see them fine by my colza lamp. I'll just screw up the oil and turn the wick up."

Having done as he proposed he untied the knots of the sheet in which were, as he said, the articles that had belonged to his sister.

"You see," observed Joe, "if I'd a wife or a sweetheart I'd give 'em to her free, gratis and for nothing."

"But as you ain't got neither, you'll sell to me. But I'm bad off for money. The skull don't bring in a terrible lot, and when vayther does get something it's precious little he allows to me."

"We are not like to quarrel over the price," said Symmonds, sweetly. "There, what do you say to that?" He exhibited a brightly colored silk handkerchief. Joan considered it eagerly. It was nearly new. Joe was hardly likely to part with that cheap. "And there!" he said, and unrolled a pair of quite new blue stockings.

"My word, they are splendid! I'll deal wi' you over them stockings first," she said. "But I don't know if they'll fit me."

"Try 'em on," proposed Symmonds.

"I couldnt have the face to do it,' she answered. "They look to me too short in the foot."

"They'll stretch," said Joe.

"But will they stretch enough? I've long feet."

"Try 'em on and make sure," again proposed the preventive man.

"I shouldn't have the face to do so in here," answered Joan. "But it's not rainin' now, and I'll go outside and sit on your bench and see if I can get my legs into 'em. You bide where you be and don't look out the winder. Sit you there and cover your face wi' your hands as if you was thinkin' of your poor dead sister, and I'll take my lantern outside and try on the stockings and then offer you a price."

"Very well."

"Swear no peepin'."

"I swear."

Then Joan took up her lantern and the blue hose and went forth. She removed her boots and peeled off the miserable black stockings that encased her legs, and proceeded to draw on the articles that so filled her with admiration and desire. It took her some time to get them on.

"My word!" she said. "They fit me splendid. But I musn't let him think so. What a pity women wear long petticoats. Wi' stockings such as these they should show their legs. I wish I could stand opposite myself and see 'em. But I'll have a good look at 'em all the same wi' my lantern."

Then she took the light and raised and depressed it over each limb from the knee to the toe.

"I'll have 'em," she exclaimed. "But I'll beat down that soft-head first."

She took them off, put on her old hose and boots and returned indoors.

"I said it, they're too short and too tight."

"But in a day or two they'll stretch."

"When washed they'll tighten."

"I'm sorry they don't suit you," said Symmonds, sorrowfully. "I was thinking of making you a present of them.

"Never!" exclaimed the delighted girl.

"I mean it," said Symmonds. "Now look at the rest of what I've got."

So the remainder of the collection was overhauled, and Joan bargained for several articles, and after much haggling secured them.

"What have you in that there little box?" asked she.

Symmonds opened it and displayed a ring.

"My sister's," he said. "And as you've been so civil and bought the shawl and the petticoat and the hat I'll make you a present of the ring."

Joan considered. "I don't know about that," she said, reluctantly. "Takin' of a ring from a gentleman means a lot too much. I think I'll not have the ring, all the same. And now I have been here too long, and my old vayther will swear. I must be off."

Snatching up her cloak, she threw it over her shoulders, tucked the stockings that were given and her purchases under one arm and taking the lantern, she went forth and strode away to the cottage.

The door was open and old Finn was there.

"What ha' you been doin', you toad!" roared the man. "Makin' signals as all were right, and the whole crew and cargo have been trapped. I only got off by the merest chance. The preventive men, under the lieutenant and Joel French, have been watchin', and ketched 'em all and took everything, and you—you signaled wi' the lantern that all was safe."

"I!" gasped Joan. And it flashed on her, as the lantern had flashed on her stockings, that unwittingly she actually had, in admiring them, given the token that all was safe. She had, moreover, been lured by Symmonds away from the watch, and thus had allowed the officers of the crown to steal upon the smugglers unobserved.

"Now I'll larrup you," shouted Finn, as he caught up a stick. "By ginger, I'll deal with you as they did with Sambo!"

A few minutes later into the perventive station dashed Joan.

"Save me! Save me!" she cried. "Vayther is that mad he'll kill me! And, oh, Joe, I'll have that there ring with all the consekences, for I see you ain't such a softie as I thought."

"Ah," said Symmonds, "my sister will welcome you into the family."

"No, she's dead."

Joe winked his eye. "That's all gammon. Neither is my sister dead, nor the wife of the lieutenant, nor Joel's mother-in-law. There ain't been no epuldemic, after all."

"Well, now!" exclaimed Joan, and stood back and looked admiringly at the man. "You be a fine fellow and no mistake. I feels as I shall admire and worship you unto my life's end. Give me the ring."

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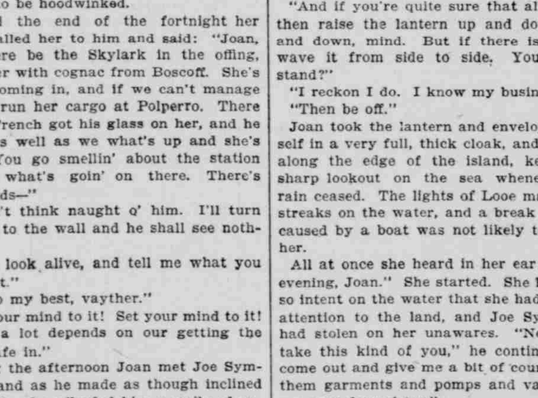

A REAL VETERAN.

She—So you fought in the Philippines. Were you ever shot?

Tramp—Yes, mum. I wus shot twice once, and half-shot twice.



### The Universal Prayer.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored
By saint, by savage and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:—

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound;
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknown hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent
At aught Thy wisdom has denied
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All nature's incense rise!

—Alexander Pope.

### The Change in Colleges.

New York Evening Post.

Every president of Princeton from the beginning has been a clergyman. Dr. Wilson is not, although his being a layman is not the chief reason for his election. During the recent inauguration of President Butler at Columbia, President Eliot, of Harvard, pointed out that the great change in education during the last half of the nineteenth century had been the passage of the management of the great universities from clergymen to laymen.

That change had gone on side by side with the rise of teaching to a high rank among the learned professions. The professional teacher now starts in life with that aim only and the highest rewards of his profession are open to him. Of this class are Presidents Eliot of Harvard, Butler of Columbia, Hadley of Yale, Jordan of Leland Stanford, Wheeler of California and now President Wilson of Princeton. A change has come in the duties of college presidents with the growth of colleges. They are more and more executive officers and less teachers and philosophers, and, accordingly, they are younger and younger men.

Woodrow Wilson has had no occasion to show executive capacity, but he is young enough to develop the quality which is becoming pre-eminently necessary in the control of great colleges as of other great business institutions. The popularity of the choice in Princeton, where the new president is best known, may be taken as an omen that its wisdom will be approved by the larger circle from whom students are drawn, as soon as the personality of the new president has time to make itself felt in the administration of the university. He is a grand man in a great place and he ought from his qualities, to succeed greatly.

## SPHINX LORE

*Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.*

[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.]

### 174—A FARM PEST.

W. E. S.

### 175—INITIAL CHANGE.

Sunrise! sunrise on the ocean!
Smiling wavelets far and near
Come and go with dancing motion;
Gone is Night so dull and drear.
Forth Aurora comes in glory,
See her PRIMAL flag unfurled;
Proud she treads the ocean hoary,
Reigning mistress of the world.

Sunrise! sunrise on the mountain!
TWO each snowy peak to fire;
Brightly flash cascade and fountain;
Hail, the god of bow and lyre!
Hail, Apollo, now advancing!
See his blazing arrows hurled;
O'er the hilltops see him dancing,
Lord and master of the world.

H. C. LAUGHLIN.

### 176—LITERARY CONCEALMENT.

(Find a certain number of American and English poets, with two poems or plays by each. The poets are in the last paragraph.)

We were spending the summer near the battlefield of Shiloh, and there was a "hop" in the hotel parlor every evening. My sister asked me to waltz with her, but I replied, "I am only a clumsy fellow, while you can spin faster than a top, sister, and so, not being able to make the waltz go off as you like it, I, as you might really wish, am letting it have the go by entirely. It would be the height of the ridiculous to see my awkward person up there by your graceful side kicking up my unskilled heels. Besides, I am almost at the last leaf of an exciting novel, and must see how my heroine gets out. Well, am I a boor to refuse you?" I likened some of the drawbacks of our present abode to a night in Galena, O. As the waiter girl informed me that after-dinner coffee is a thing in which that hotel excels, I ordered some, only to find that that is one of the ways that maiden hoodwinks the traveler who is so unfortunate as to have to stop in the deserted village, which they consider a city. George and I stopped over in a great storm of sleet and snow, bound for Chicago. There was also a trader from the Pacific islands there, spinning his yarns, and every one was so intent on the beachcomber's adventures that we could scarcely get any attention. He was for the east, but when the storm slackened we rode to the west, winding in and out over hill and dale, while over our heads sailed the crow, whose voice I could scarcely liken to the skylark's sweet notes. However, we were nearing home, and that was compensation enough for any lack of beauty, or even comfort, in our present state. Could a crow, or even a penguin, emulate a lark, the task must be performed when they are calling their loved ones home. But I believe that the story about the swan singing its sweetest when it is dying is all a fable, for critics and other folks who know say that the bird cannot sing at all in that interesting crisis. However, it matters little to us for the present, crisis or no crisis. The old crow came to his death from a stroke by George's walking-stick, for though I had not bid him arm, I only wanted a little protection on the road, which our stout clubs gave us.

The next summer we were in Egypt when we heard that the convention had given Bryan the nomination for President. We were deciphering the inscriptions of the two Shishaks, pere et fils, Thebes, in Phicol, Mesopotamia. I had my brother along, Fellow of the Royal Society, who always woke at 6 in the morning to begin the day's exploration, and he hit upon a lot of metal remains—bronze, silver and gold. Smiths' work must have had some secrets then which are now lost. Another fellow hit tiers upon tiers of mummies, with ears a mere shell, eyes not to be seen, and noses conspicuous for their absence. The embalmers, instead of being redeemers, only preserved the poor bodies for the scoffs of a degenerate age. One looked like a cow, perhaps because he was a coward while he lived. His head lay on a sort of stone pillow, elliptical in shape, and his cot, to be frank, was easier for a dead man to sleep on then for a living one.

DOROTHEA.

### 177—CHANGE OF VOWEL.

Yes, he could One himself to circumstances;
In all kinds of society he fitted;
Of parties, picnics, drives and merry dances
He was the life, so lively and quick-witted.
He was a Second in the art of writing;
"A Jack of all trades"—helpful, quick and handy;
An athlete, too; not given to quarrel and fighting;
A wearer of good clothes and yet not dandy.
And scores of friends he had, admirers plenty,
Who tried to Three his style—so free and giving;
Yet sad to say, this man of five and twenty—
This fine young fellow—could not even make a living.

E. E. C.

### 178—ARITHMETICAL.

A certain number of coins, if arranged in a square, leave a remainder of 11. To enlarge the square by an additional row each way would require 24 more. What is the number of coins? F. L. S.

### 179—TERMINAL ELISION.

A child, saw familiar things
In sweet imagined guise;
To me the ONE were angels' wings
The stars were angels' eyes.

Not so to-day; the grassless ways
Of older years invite
No wings to whiten common days
No eyes to hallow night.

But when my heart beats TWO and lone,
Or mean thoughts leave their scars,
I feel reproach from silvery ONE,
Reproof from twinkling stars.

SOCRATES.

### 180—TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Young ONE, the son of an Hebrew couple who TWO near by, came in to bring me THREE, which I had lost on the street. It had fallen in the gutter, and was FOUR, and its smell was FIVE. 2. Still I thought it was wise to ONE the boy, and went to my TWO to get my purse, knowing they were poor. His father had been THREE of the gates in some old castle before Germany FOUR with France. 3. My purse was not there, nor in the pocket of my fur ONE. I was thrown into some TWO confusion, and was about to utter a THREE that I had lost my purse, when I saw it on the FOUR. 4. I found the boy rather high in his ideas of a bonus, nor could any ONE persuade him to abate his demands until he heard some polly TWO singing as they rolled along the street, not exactly as an operatic THREE, it must be confessed. The lad pricked up his ears like a terrier to which one cries "FOUR!" and took himself off to follow the crowd. DOROTHEA.

### 181—DECAPITATION.

If I by chance could lose my head,
I'd gain, without a doubt.
I'm simply nothing with my head,
And anything without.

MYRTLE.

### PRIZE POEM—HUNT.

The poetical works of one of the authors named, in a very pretty edition, will be given the sender of the best list of poems and poets answering No. 176. The solutions are to be forwarded within one week, and in case of doubt the winner will be decided by any special merit noted in one of the nearest complete lists.

The prize for No. 139 is taken by Mrs. Samuel L. Newsom, Carthage, Ind. Other excellent solutions are acknowledged from Mrs. Sallie C. Hughes, H. M. Dunn, Fannie Warner, A. J. Bedott, Mrs. A. W. Homson, Harriet Belcher, W. H. Crowley, Helen Arnold, D. F. Carver, O. C. Wogg, B. M. Hill, J. Q. Moseley, C. H. Towne, Bennie Brown, Mrs. A. C. Stephenson, Mary L. Riggs, Esther Lowell, K. R. Lamson, Edna M. Wing, F. A. Randall, Eva Hanley.

### ANSWERS.

153—"She's all the world to me."

154—Cross-pur-pose.

155—Stevenson; Treasure Island, The Wrecker. Blackmore; Lorna Doone, Erema. Eliot; Adam Bede, Romola. Scott; Old Mortality, Black Dwarf. Crabbe; The Library, The Newspaper. Howells; World of Chance, A Woman's Reason. Homer; Iliad, Odyssey. Alcott; Little Men, Little Women. Ruskin; Modern Painters, Unto This Last. Phelps; Gates Ajar, The Silent Partner

156—Wheel, heel, eel.

157—Ki-ti-aN; In-di-gO; Nab-luM; GaucnO; Sew-alL; Oper-tO; LobruS; Own-inG; Mad-deN; Or-si-nI; New-arK.

158—Retirement.

159—Salamanca, Alabama, Baloklava, Atlanta, Magna, Charta, Catamaran, Madagascar, Caracalla, Camaralzaman.

160—Sixty miles.

### It.

Philadelphia Press.

Tess—Did you see May when she delivered the valedictory at her college commencement?

Jess—Yes, and it certainly was lovely.

Tess—That so?

Jess—Yes; it was just a plain mousseline de soie, but so stylish.

WISE WILLIE.

Sister's Beau—Your sister expects me to stay to supper to-night, doesn't she?

Willie (aged six)—Sure; and she said if you stayed as late as you did last night she thought she'd ask you to stay to breakfast.